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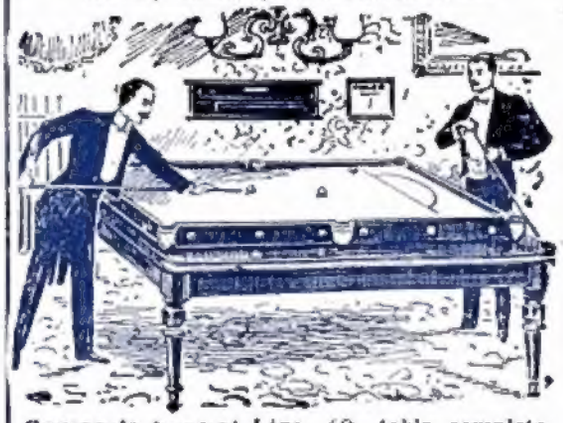

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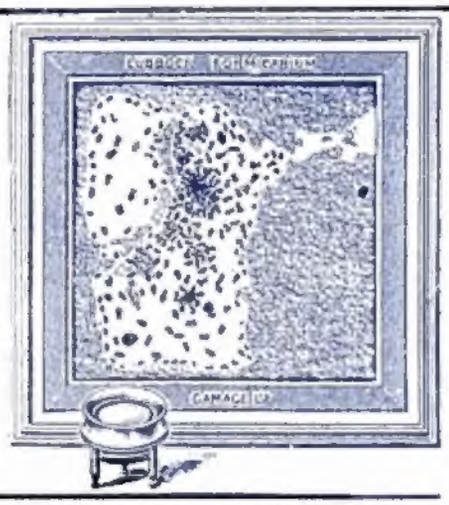

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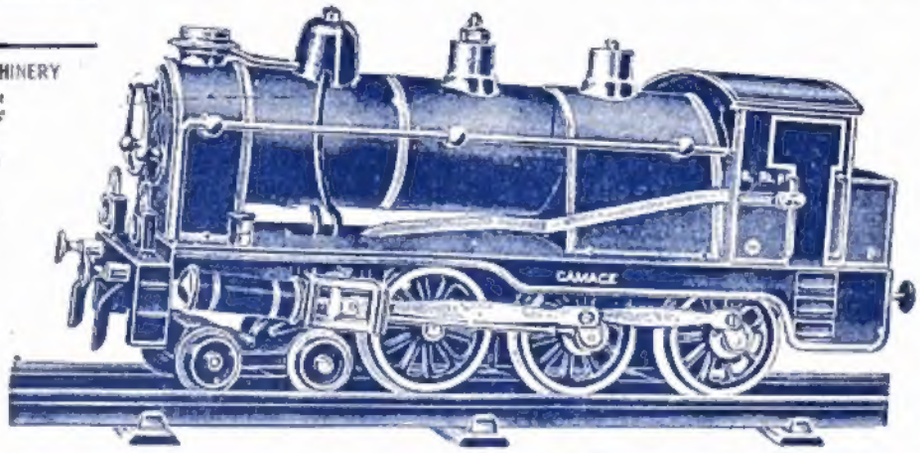

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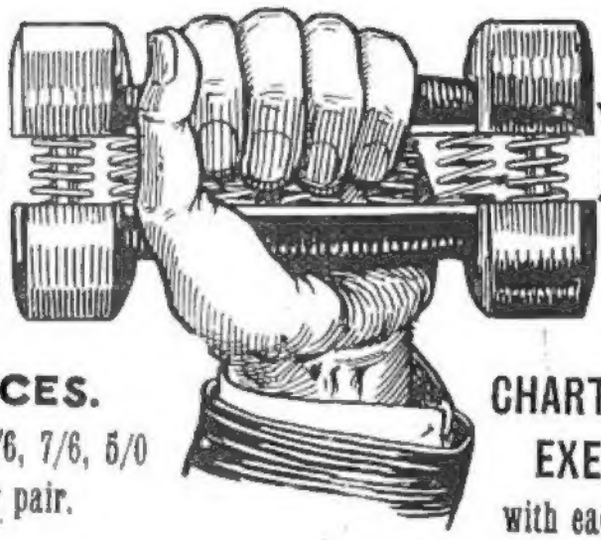

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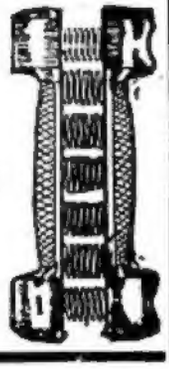

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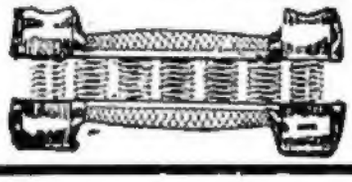

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Contents.

NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK. By The Editor 321
"DARE-DEVIL" SCHREYER. By J. St. A. Jewell 323
MALADIES MUSICIANS SUFFER 329
FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF CLIMBING 330
A WOMAN WHO SAYS IT IS A CRIME TO DIE. CAN SEPARATE BODY FROM SOUL AT WILL 331
IT MAY BE TELEPATHY. HOW NEWS SPREADS AMONG THE INDIANS 333
TOBACCO AND CANCER... 334
HEART MADE TO BEAT THREE HOURS AFTER DEATH... 334
READERS' CLUB 335
ON AND OFF THE MAT AND TRACK 338
A LITTLE ABOUT THE ZULUS 340
THE GREEK AND THE MODERN ATHLETE 342
"SANDOW'S MAGAZINE" GOLD MEDAL PHOTO COMPETITION 345
HOW THE LIVER WORKS 346
WHAT'S BEING DONE FOR THE CHILDREN? 348
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS AND HINTS FROM SANDOW 350
DISEASE TO BE TREATED IN HYPNOTIC HOSPITAL 351
OUR READERS' LIBRARY 352

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVI. No. II. MARCH 15, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Editor: EUGEN SANDOW.
Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

NOTICES.

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EDITORIAL.—I am always pleased to receive Contributions, Literary and Pictorial, for consideration. Where payment is desired, the Contribution must bear note of amount required. Prompt consideration will be given and an early reply forwarded.

NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

During the recent visit of the London County Councillors to Paris, many useful hints were picked up, and the visitors were especially delighted with the physical training of the school-children. The physical training exercises of the children and the choir singing proved extremely interesting, more particularly when one considers that the children, none of them more than thirteen years of age, who obeyed the word of command like an army on the parade ground, belong for the most part to poor parents, and come exclusively from the public elementary schools. Particularly striking were their exercises with long staves, which they wielded in such a way as to create a variety of designs extremely effective from the immense number in the display.

o——o

The National League for Physical Education is accomplishing much useful work throughout the country, and I hope shortly to publish an article describing what it has already done and is doing. The League has plenty of Parliamentary sympathy, and on the occasion of the recent opening of a British branch, Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., and Sir John Gorst, both delivered interesting addresses. The latter expressed the hope that now the Labour leaders had acquired political power, they would move the people to use that power to obtain an amelioration of their physical condition.

o——o

It is always interesting to "see oursel's as ithers see us." The following description of the English girl, from *The Times of India*, shows us how she looks through Indian spectacles:—

"The last decade has witnessed no more striking development in England than that of the young English girl, who, thanks to her broader education and indulgence in outdoor sports and games, is now become a veritable Diana. While still barely in her teens, she towers above her mother, and in passing along the

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London streets one is again and again impressed by the number of tall, vigorous girls who in point of physique put their male contemporaries into the shade.

o——o

I have often expressed the opinion that swimming ought to be made compulsory in all schools. All the scholars at the West Ham Council schools are taught swimming by the teachers during the summer months, and the result of this admirable practice is that a boy's life was saved by Nellie Ross, a pupil at Cave Road School. She has been awarded a vellum certificate by the Royal Humane Society.

o——o

Well, well, some people do have funny ideas of what physical culture really means! Here is some mysterious correspondent in the *Daily Mail* sagely declaring that "clumsy muscles, loud voices, and vacant eyes are not alone responsible for England's greatness." But who, only ignorant "M.D.," and a few like him, ever imagined that physical training affected the muscles, voice, and eyes in the fashion he describes?

o——o

There are plenty of critics prepared to condemn the objects of the "National Service League" as a step towards conscription, and I think myself that it might be wiser policy for Lord Roberts to be less emphatic about the militarian aspects of the movement. The first thing, after all, is to make good citizens, and not to merely manufacture human food for powder. There are plenty of benefits to be derived from a thorough physical training of the youth of this country apart from the mere addition to their value as fighting units.

o——o

The importance of play for school-children is emphasised by Dr. Herringham in the *Lancet*. And here is Dr. Herringham's programme of physical education for school children:—

"Up to six or seven years childish games are all they want, except that they should be taught to breathe properly. From seven to fourteen they ought to have all the organised games they can with children of their own size, and regular, systematic physical drill for twenty minutes a day at first, gradually increased to nearly an hour by the time they reach fourteen.

"At fourteen add gymnastics under proper instruction. I should not carry these to any great length unless a boy chose them for himself.

"At sixteen I should give him a course of Sandow, and when he has learnt the system should encourage him to spend ten minutes over it morning and evening. And at the same age I should teach him the use of the rifle. But games always and throughout.

"The same for girls, except that I should let them play hockey instead of football."

o——o

I hope, very shortly, that Parliament will put an end to the growing peril of the cigarette to our youth. No youth should be allowed to smoke cigarettes until he is over 16 years of age. "No cigarette smoker can climb to the top of the ladder," says the American Judge Brewer. "Cigarettes are much worse than drink." They are certainly more insidious, and more subtle in action.

He who lives on hope dies in hunger.

He who buys the superfluous will later have to sell the necessary.

Who in his old age would be young must in his youth learn to be old.

In the government of self consists the only true liberty of the individual.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do;
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

George Herbert.

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A Rare Photo— | Jeffries. | Fitzsimmons. | Schreyer. | —(*showing Schreyer supported by the commanding presence of Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, the famous pugilists) at a fete in America.*

"DARE-DEVIL SCHREYER."

His Astounding Feats of Derring-do—And He Means to Swim the Channel this Summer.

By J. ST. A. JEWELL.

SOME men spend the whole of their lives looking for trouble. Dare Devil Schreyer is one of them. Once or twice during his thirty years he has come perilously near finding it, but, notwithstanding this, he has so far enjoyed, on the whole, remarkably good health, although I do not think he could persuade a life insurance company to grant him a policy on anything like decent terms.

It is like this, you see. Schreyer is an athlete who goes in for "sensational" acts, and although he is eternally inventing new ones, he presents to the public only those that are warranted to make the women feel faint, and the hair of the men to rise up on end.

A short time ago he was performing at Olympia his famous cycle dive. At the roof at one end of the great hall there was a small platform, from which descended at an angle of some thirty degrees a "chute," about 250 feet long. The lower end of the chute was about sixty feet from the ground, and in front of it, at a distance of 110 feet from its end, was a tank of water just below the arena level. At the top of this chute Schreyer mounted his bicycle, and rode down the whole length at a terrific pace, and then shot into space, bicycle and all, and finished by making a most beautiful dive into the tank described above.

Study carefully the illustrations of the chute, and you will be able to gain some idea of its length, and the nature of the feat.

Now, when the autocratic editor of this periodical sends me to interview the perpetrators of "sensational" feats, I usually perform the duty with a bad grace. Most "sensational" feats are purely mechanical, and their only claim

A Snapshot of Dare-Devil Schreyer's Sensational Feat. Note how the impetus of the free-wheel down the slope hurls him high in the air, preparatory to his diving into the tank of water beneath.

to recognition is that some poor human's life is risked each time the show takes place. Thus it is with "The Wheel of Death," in which a motor-car loops the loop with a girl strapped down to the seat. Thus it is also with "Canoeing through space," in which a canoe is made by mechanical means to descend on a half-circle from a height, turn a somersault in mid air, and land in a tank of water, with a scared little woman tied and strapped down to its seat. The best you can say of either is that the girl has nerve, and that is all. The human factor is obliterated entirely, and the show is one which demonstrates simply that certain mechanism will produce certain results with more or less certainty. Sometimes the mechanism goes wrong, and then there is sudden death and an inquest. With all feats of this kind I have no sympathy, and would not, of my own wish, cross the road to see the best of them.

With Schreyer, however, it is different. From beginning to end the success or failure of the feat depends solely on his skill and nerve. From the moment he starts pedalling to the moment he emerges from the tank, his life is in his own hands.

I met him in his dressing-room just after he had emerged from the tank, and in my usual brusque way said, "Well, Mr. Schreyer, tell me all about it."

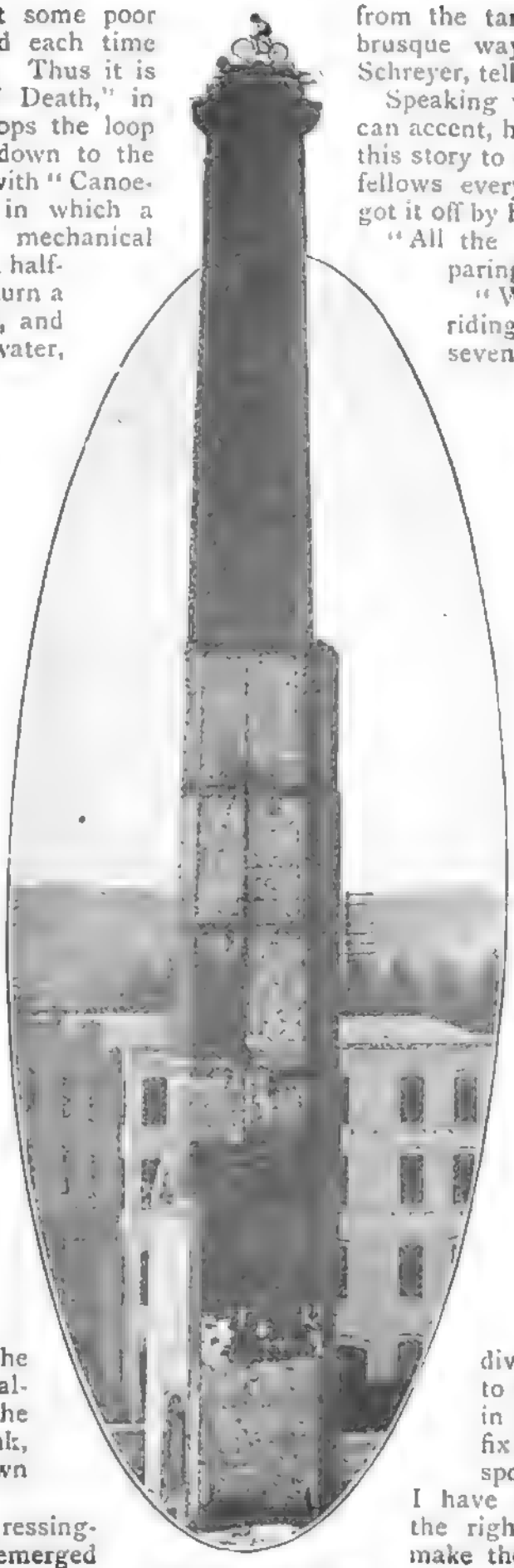
Speaking with a strong American accent, he said, "I have to tell this story to about a dozen of you fellows every week. I've about got it off by heart now."

"All the better," said I, preparing for shorthand.

"Well, he said, I've been riding the chute now for seven years. No one can possibly imagine the queer sensation produced by riding down that chute and diving one hundred and ten feet into a tank of water. I've looped the loop, and whirled the whirl, but it's nothing compared to this."

"What's the first thing you do, Mr. Schreyer?"

"Well, the first thing I do is to examine the tank, see how the wind blows (I mostly do this feat out of doors, you know), and mark the spot in which I'll dive. This is absolutely necessary, for it is impossible to see anything coming down, because the wheel goes so swiftly. Then I climb up on the chute, and from its end I again examine the spot in which I have to dive, estimate the height to which I have to leap in order to reach it, and fix in my mind's eye a spot in the sky at which I have to jump to fall in the right place. I have to make these calculations every



Cycling 30 miles an hour on a 195-ft. high chimney.

time I ride, so that I will be sure to strike the right place."

"Doesn't the crowd distract your attention at all?"

He laughed. "I don't let them," he said. "Outside those calculations I know nothing at the time."

"And then?"

"Well, then I climb to the top of the chute, and again note the distance and height that I have to dive, for the tank is invisible to me when I make the dive from the wheel, on account of the up curve at the end of the chute. At the top I mount my wheel and draw, in my mind, a centre line down the entire chute from the exact starting place to the spot at which I will jump. I have to keep this line in my mind and guide the wheel along it in the descent."

For a moment he paused, and then added, "You can hardly imagine the importance of keeping the wheel along that line. If I should happen to be two inches from the centre when I leave the chute I should land outside the tank, for I have to leap 110 feet, and in that distance the divergence caused by an angle of two inches from the centre would be several feet outside the tank."

"I then start down the chute, and when I reach a spot about 50 feet from the end I begin to dive. The audience never notice this, because I travel so fast. When I reach this spot I throw my whole strength into my right leg against the pedal in order to get a spring; then, when the left pedal comes down, I throw all my strength on to it to straighten my body, for if I should not do this I should go over the side. This back pressure on the pedals is the hardest part of the whole thing. It is all done quicker than you can think, and as I say, is never noticed by the audience. I no sooner get braced in this manner than I am at the end of the chute, where I leap into the air. One would think that the momentum acquired in going down the chute would be sufficient to carry me through the air to the tank, a distance of 110 feet, but it is not, and I should never reach the tank but for the back-pedalling spring I have described to you."

"Tell me, Mr. Schreyer," I said, "have you had any dangerous accident shooting that chute of yours?"

"No," he said, "nothing great. I've had one or two little mishaps, but I look upon it as a safe trick."

"Well, tell me something of those one or two 'little mishaps'!"

"All right," he said. "One of these occurred at Philadelphia. I was doing the dive at night time, and I used to put a can of red fire on the back of my wheel. On the occasion to which I refer the flames shot up high somehow and scorched my back. This made me twitch slightly, with the result that the front wheel caught in the slats, broke off, and I was thrown head over heels down the chute. When I got up again I was bruised all over, and two of the bones in my left hand were broken."

"And another little mishap, Mr. Schreyer?"

"On another occasion the lights on the left hand side of the chute gave out when I was half-way down, and I rode straight off it into the air. The chute was 82 feet from the ground at the point I left it. I managed to keep upright, and the wheel landed squarely on both tyres, with me standing on the pedals."

"Yes," I said expectantly; "and——"

"I lost a good wheel that night," he said sadly.

"Never mind the wheel," I said, "what about yourself?"

"Oh, I was all right—a bit bruised about the inside of the thigh, but that wheel was scrap-iron and rubber jelly."

"Tell me about another of your mishaps, as you call them," I said.

"Say, now—haven't you got enough?" he asked, laughing.

"No," said I "not by a long way yet."

"Just one more, then—and finish. It occurred in 1903 at Winnipeg fair. In riding down I found two strong currents of wind that I had not calculated for, and they drove me off my centre line. It was all I could do to get to the line again before I left the chute, and the consequence was I did not get my back pedalling spring properly. I just managed to reach the tank, and that was all. I went in the water clumsily, and came out of it with three broken ribs."

He spoke with his hand on the door-handle, and ere I had taken his statement down he had gone.

Later on in the evening I caught him at his hotel, steered him into a cosy corner, and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more.

"What is the most dangerous feat you have ever accomplished, Mr. Schreyer?"

He laughed heartily, and then said: "In 1898, at Washington, to advertise the *New York Journal,* I cycled on the top of a 195-ft. chimney for ten days, with the whole of the police force trying to arrest me for attempted suicide."

Look, a pretty cool chap, doesn't he?

Look at the photo illustrating this incident, and think of what it means. The apparatus on which the cycle ran consisted

The secret of the 195-ft. Chimney-top Cycle Riding Feat.

of a series of drums which revolved with the cycle wheels. Notwithstanding the fact that the machine did not move, the rider had to keep his balance all the time just as if he had been riding on a road. And perched 195 feet up in the air too!

With truth it may be said that Schreyer is the originator of all sensational cycling acts, and is responsible for "Looping the Loop," "Whirling the Whirl," "Shooting the Chute," and all the rest of them.

He says, "I'll do no act that anyone else can do, and the moment a man comes forward who can do my cycle dive act, I'll drop it and pull out another immediately that'll make it look just as silly as it makes all others to-day."

Not long ago he used to give a combined act of whirling the whirl and looping the loop. Although no man ever succeeded in accomplishing it, Schreyer dropped it because it was "too tame."

Another of his feats, the "Cycle Whirl," consists of driving a powerful motor cycle round a circular track built like a tub, the lower edge being about one-third smaller in diameter than the top. He used to drive his motor bike round the track at 45 miles an hour, but the whole track was 60 feet in the air, and it had no bottom!

At length a man came forward who had a similar track built *on the ground* on which he whirled the whirl. He never had it off the ground, but Schreyer said, "He's near enough to my act anyhow; with a little more nerve, he'd do it with the track built above the ground. I guess I'll drop it." And he dropped it forthwith.

It was characteristic of the man.

While writing this short article, Schreyer dropped in to have a chat with me. No sooner was he seated in my little study, than he said, "Jewell, no man has ever swam the Channel since Captain Webb's time. Is that so?"

"That's so," I said.

He looked seriously at me for a moment and then said:

"This coming summer I'm going to build a chute at Dover, and I'll make the biggest cycle dive ever seen in this country."

"Yes," I said, but what's that got to do with the Channel swim?"

"Just this," he said, "that instead of a tank I'll dive into the Straits of Dover, and I'll keep straight on and land on the French coast."

For a moment the statement amazed me, but when I reflected that it fell from the lips of Schreyer, Dare-Devil Schreyer, I knew it was the honest expression of a *bona fide* intention. And so I look forward to the time when the next Channel swims are due, in the confident belief that the man who has thrilled countless thousands with his astonishing cycle performances will earn new laurels as a swimmer.

[Since writing above I hear that Mr. Schreyer has fixed his London address as 48, Cranbourne Street, W.C., c/o *New York Clipper* Office.]

Maladies Musicians Suffer.

M. PADEREWSKI'S sudden collapse after playing at a concert in London, Ontario, came as no surprise to Hugo Gorlitz, who for nine years was the famous pianist's manager, and conducted several of his tours in America.

"The attack," said Mr. Gorlitz, "is a recurrence, in an aggravated form, of a trouble which arose during his first American tour in 1891. In the course of 117 days he played in no fewer than 107 concerts, and attended as many as 86 dinner parties, the result being that he had a serious nervous breakdown.

"At every concert, subsequently, the nerves at the back of his neck and at the top of his shoulder-blades would rise up in great knots, and he would frequently suffer great agony. It was always my custom, at the conclusion of a performance, to massage his neck."

To attain fame in the musical world, whether as a singer or as an instrumentalist, involves a great physical as well as a great mental strain. A regular course of training is almost as necessary, in fact, for a famous musician as for a famous footballer or cricketer.

Here, for instance, are some of the maladies to which various kinds of musicians are liable if they are not in robust health:—

Pianist—Swollen hands and arms; softening of the brain.

Violinist and harpist—Paralysis of the finger muscles.

Singer—Laryngitis.

Trombone and cornet player—Eye and lung disease; paralysis of the lip muscles.

Drummer—Heart disease and nerve complaints.

'Celloist—Spinal disease and swollen shoulders.

Mr. Sousa has several curious experiences of accidents due to musical strain. "I remember," he said, recently, "when conducting my band at Detroit, a French tenor was suddenly seized with, what I suppose, was paralysis of the vocal chords.

"He was just about to reach a high C when an extraordinary change came over his face. He gasped and gasped, and not a sound came forth. The chords were paralysed, and, for the rest of the season, he had to retire.

"Another case was one of my trombone players, whose lip muscles became paralysed at a concert, and who has never been able to play again."

"Should Young Boys play Rugby?" (football) is a discussion that has been raised in *The Daily Mail*. Seeing that the bonny New Zealand boys play practically nothing else should be sufficient answer in the affirmative. It does not say much for present-day British virility that this subject should arise as a question.

For the Amusement of Climbing.

A curious case, with both a humorous and a serious side came before the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford on Friday in last week, when Maurice Henry Woods, a graduate of Trinity College, was charged with being found on the roof of New College at 2.20 in the morning for a supposed unlawful purpose. The Court was crowded with undergraduates.

The Warden of New College was the principal witness. He said he was awakened a little before two o'clock by one of his daughters, who said she heard some men on the roof. A little later his second daughter, who lived in another part of the house, came to him and said she had been much alarmed by men trampling over the roof. He went to the porter's lodge, and told the porter to telephone to the police. They arrived very promptly, and commenced a search.

Witness saw Mr. Woods, who said he wished to give himself up. He understood there were three on the roof, and that the other two also wished to give themselves up. But they went away. Then Mr. Woods came down to the cloister. The descent was a most dangerous feat, being a very long drop, and the telephone wire by which he helped himself down, though not broken, was very much displaced.

The Vice-Chancellor said he should be glad if the defendant would tell the court why he was there at all. He thought it was for the defendant to say for what purpose he was there.

Mr. Woods: I was not there for any purpose at all.

The Vice-Chancellor: Do you mean you got there by accident?

Mr. Woods: No, I was simply there for the amusement of climbing. I can offer no other explanation.

The Vice-Chancellor said that by the definition of unlawful purpose given in the Act, the prosecution could not be sustained, but he thought the discredit and degradation which the defendant had brought on himself was a much more severe punishment than anything in the way of a substantial fine. He should have thought the defendant would have known better than to annoy a family whom he probably knew personally by what he would call, advisedly, monkey-tricks. He should have thought that the instinctive sense of a gentleman would have prevented him from clambering over the roof of a private family and producing the annoyance, vexation, and distress of which the Warden had spoken. He had, unfortunately, not the power to give the defendant any sentence from the point of view of the court, so that he was acquitted, but he would hand him over to the proctors, who, he thought, would be able to deal with him very efficiently.

Sailors' Food.

All lovers of sailors and tales of their life afloat will be pleased to know that one of the earliest measures to be introduced by the Government is an amendment of the Merchant Shipping Act, in which one of the most important clauses is confidently expected to provide for the insertion in articles of agreement of a compulsory scale of provisions for seamen.

The Board of Trade have decided to take action and make the adoption of the 1903 scale compulsory, so that should the Bill pass, as to which there is little doubt, all seamen signing articles on British ships will be entitled by law to receive the following weekly:—Bread or biscuits, 7 lb., including 4 lb. fresh bread; salt beef, 3 lb.; salt pork, 2 lb.; preserved meat, 2½ lb.; preserved vegetables, ½ lb.; flour, 2 lb.; peas, 9 oz.; calavances, 6 oz.; rice, ½ lb.; oatmeal, 4 oz.; tea, 1¾ oz.; coffee, 2 oz., and ½ oz. chicory; sugar, 1½ lb.; butter, ½ lb.; marmalade or jam, ½ lb. jam and ½ lb. marmalade; dried fruit, ½ lb.; molasses or syrup, ½ lb.; water, 28 qts.; fresh potatoes, 7 lb.; bacon, ½ lb.; cocoa, 2 oz.; suet, 4 oz.; condensed milk, 1-3 lb.; onions, 3 oz.; fish; ¾ lb., dry, preserved, or fresh; pickles, ½ pt.; tomatoes (tinned or fresh), 8 oz.

Dig In!

When you want to get ahead,
Dig in!
When you're up to work you dread,
Dig in!
When Dame Care comes down your way,
Ways are sad instead of gay,
When there's nothing seems to pay,
Dig in!
When the other fellows lead,
Dig in!
When you're short on things you need,
Dig in!
When the rent is overdue,
And the landlord says he'll sue —
When the world is looking blue,
Dig in!
Never mind the other man—
Dig in!
You can win—you know you can,
Dig in!
Better luck will come your way;
Just make up your mind to stay;
Every dog will have his day—
Dig in!

Frank Farrington (*New York Sun*).

The Hot Water Cure.

Dr. William Osler is always exceedingly precise in his directions to patients. He relates an experience which a brother practitioner once had which illustrates the dangers of lack of precision.

A young man one day visited this doctor and described a common malady that had befallen him.

"The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning.

The patient took his leave, and in a week returned.

"Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked.

"Worse, doctor; worse, if anything," was the reply.

"Ah! Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"I did my best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up more'n ten minutes at a stretch."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"Sat there for hours."

The Indian Guide.

A Woman Who Says it is a Crime to Die.

Can Separate Body from Soul at Will.

"I DISTINCTLY remember being burned at the stake!"

And yet the woman who made this sensational statement to a meeting of scientific men in New York recently is not only still alive, but claims that her soul leaves her body at will. Miss Craig, this latest Transatlantic wonder, if her statements prove correct, has evidently got possession of something even more valuable than the elixir of life, or the latest book on "How to live for ever and ever."

Whether she is a female De Rougemont, or not, her story is certainly interesting all the leading scientists and psychologists of New York, and they are seriously investigating in it. She is an Irishwoman, born in County Antrim, and, at an early age, went to France to receive her education.

During all her childhood she was a great reader of Spencer and Darwin and Schopenhauer, and has "endeavoured to fathom what they spent their lives in contemplating."

Coming to America, she travelled all over the country, studying anthropology and natural phenomena. Finally, she went to Labrador. But I will let her tell her own story. In appearance she seems to be a combination of the two re-incarnations she says she has undergone. She has the cheek-bones of an Indian and a Grecian profile.

"I HAVE BEEN IN SPACE."

"Do you know," she asked, "how I know the truth of the laws of space? Because I have been in space and because we have the proofs of them on our own earth. I have seen them.

"I know that any man or woman can do the same thing if he or she has the will to do it. In the course of evolution some individuals have reached that point a little sooner than the ordinary mortal.

"I remember my previous incarnations. In at least two of them I remember who I was, my name, my life, and in one case I very clearly remember my death. I have died a violent death in every one of my former lives.

"Will you believe me when I tell you that in the life before this one I was a Canadian-Indian girl? I remember more of that life than of the others. I was the daughter of the chief of a wandering tribe. My name was Meta. We travelled for months and months of the year, hunting through the woods and lakes of the great forests of the Northland.

"When I was scarcely a young woman

I was commanded by my father to accomplish a certain task. I refused, and was burned at the stake. I remember all that very clearly. Here is a remarkable proof of its truth. When I was making my recent researches among the wilds of Labrador with my two Indian guides we came upon a small waterfall. It was far in the heart of the country. Suddenly it flashed over me that there was something vaguely familiar in the scenery. I asked the guide if the falls had a name. He replied that the Indians called it Meta Metsunta—the Tears of Meta. He said that among the tribes of the North there was a tradition that these falls were the tears of the spirit of an Indian girl called Meta, who was burned at the stake there many years ago.

HOW SHE SEES THE PAST.

"That is practically the only one of my former lives in which I remember the facts sequentially. In the others I remember only single scenes generally.

"In the life previous to the last one I remember that my father was a wealthy Greek, who moved to Rome. I was called Lucella Vera. A feature in connection with this life is that I have met two people in New York who knew me in that incarnation.

"There is nothing wonderful in this. I attribute my knowledge of my past lives partly to the fact that in each case I died conscious, and knowing that I was going to die.

"When I was born into this life I must have been nearly ready for the circle that I am now in; because, before I was 16 years old, my soul began to leave my body in the night. I did not know then what it meant. I thought my strange experiences were dreams.

A TRIP IN MARS.

"About this time, while in London, I was taught how to leave my body at will.

"It would be impossible for me to make you understand the wonder and glory of the soul released. When I started out into space for the first time the initial sensation was one of darkness, of overwhelming, oppressive blackness unknown on earth. Then, gradually, out of the void a big, dim, red ball took hazy form, until I recognised it as the earth. Then this slowly faded and disappeared, and I was alone in space.

"I seemed to be half enveloped in a faint, filmy cloud that carried me along. Before me, in space, a star was growing larger and larger. In seemingly a few minutes the star had grown into a great planet, and I was upon it.

"I wish it were possible for me to give you some idea of that new world. It was a wonderland of beauty. In general respects it resembled our own, but it was so much more gloriously beautiful. The people resembled us in general figure and feature, but the same greater beauty that I had seen in the inanimate scenery was present here. In every face and figure the animal was almost entirely eliminated. Their features were cast in a mould of spiritual beauty, and nowhere was there in form or feature evidence of bodily indulgence.

"I have been several times to a world farther away than this one. I am certain that the one I have just described was Mars. Several times I have been to worlds lower than ours, but I do not wish to talk of those. I have seen things as inconceivably horrible as those others were beautiful.

WHY IT'S A CRIME TO DIE.

"It is within the power of all of us to pass out of our own volition, painlessly and without fear. Every human being should so master soul and body that he or she may be separated at will, temporarily or permanently. It is the old story of 'mind over matter.' It is all explained by natural laws. Everything is vibration. Your body is a low level of vibration, because it is nearly seven-tenths water. Free your mind of all thought for your body and its pleasures, and it is one with your soul and the cosmic forces. You are then literally 'in tune with the infinite.' It then needs only the desire to bring in the cosmic forces and wrench your soul free of its mortal weight.

"That is why it is a crime to die of disease and decay like an animal.

LAW OF GRAVITY AN ERROR.

"When I had finished my studies in France, and was told to study nature, I came to America. I wished particularly to prove that the law of gravity is a monumental error of science. My belief

was that the earth is the centre of an ethereal vortex which created it. The centripetal action of the vortex drives into the earth a powerful stream of dynamic force. The manifestation of this is the Aurora Borealis. I determined to study that phenomenon, so I went to Labrador. I spent months in that unexplored region. Excepting two Indian guides, I was entirely alone.

"The realisation of everything came over me in a flash one day while I was looking across the waste scene from a boulder on the top of a bare, rocky hill. The meaning of it all struck me like a wave, and I knew the reason of my 20 years of study; I had reached the summit of my long climb to learn the cause of things.

"I sat there for hours, and made myself understand that at last the first half of my life's work was finished. Then I gave the order for the return."

It may be Telepathy.

How News Spreads Among the Indians.

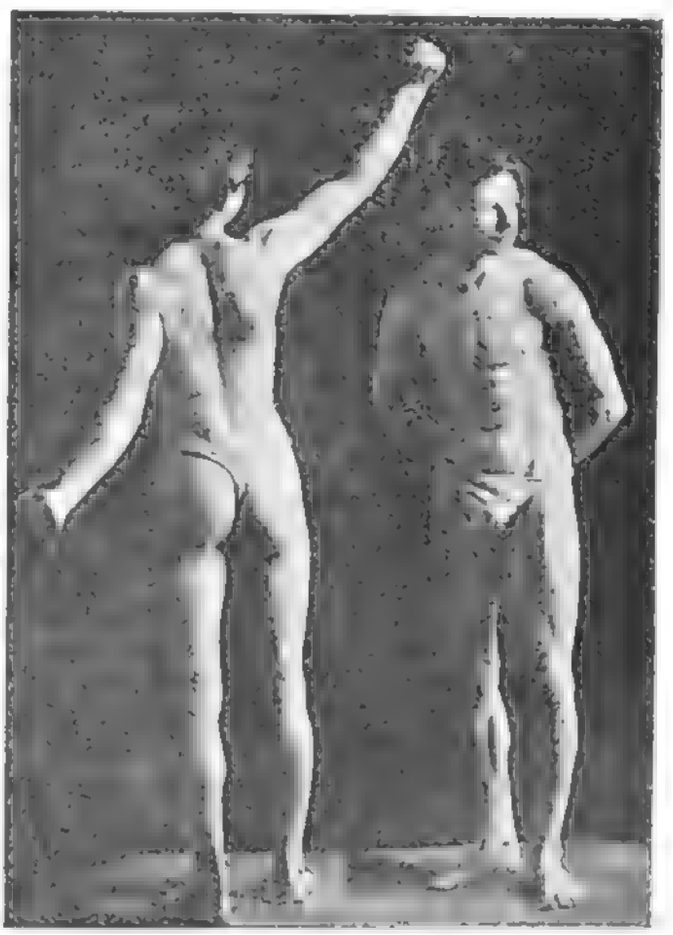
THE rapidity with which news spreads among the Indians is a continual source of wonder to officials. When it is remembered that there are several thousand full-blooded Indians in the Creek nation, who cannot speak or read a word of English, and have no way of learning the news of the day, except by word of mouth, the speed with which intelligence is communicated to them is most remarkable. Most of the full-bloods live in the hills and mountains, far from railroads, and in sections where the daily, or even weekly, papers are seldom or never read.

General Pleasant Porter, chief of the Creek nation, and the best informed man in his tribe, when asked to explain the phenomenon, said, significantly:—

"It may be telepathy. Let me ask you a question: 'How does the buzzard, flying through the air, learn that an animal has been killed; and why are there hundreds of them on the scene in less time than it takes to tell about it?' You may call it instinct, or anything else you please, but the Indians keep as well posted on news that interests them as the newspaper-reading white people.

"My people have formed the habit of communicating whatever interests them to their neighbours, and asking them to pass it on. Every train that leaves Muskogee is loaded with Indians who know personally of an order. They pass the word along and it spreads like wildfire. In the early days the Creeks had regular couriers who carried the news. One of these would visit a town, and at sundown the people would gather around him and hear the information he had to impart. The town king would then detail someone to pass it on to the member of the next town or tribe, and the same method would be repeated.

"I have known," said the chief, growing reminiscent, "of foot-carriers travelling 100 miles a day with important messages. One morning, during the Creek rebellion I sent a messenger out to get volunteers for my army, and, before sunset, 1,200 men came into my camp"



E. M. Vertel (Darwen).

Tobacco and Cancer.

Dr. Doyen, the eminent surgeon, who is well known for his treatment of cancer, recently concluded a visit to London. He visited the Brompton Cancer Hospital, and expressed his appreciation of the treatment which the patients receive. Dr. Doyen has been interviewed by the *Daily Express* in reference to his treatment, which includes the injection of serum both before and after operations. The second injection, he explained, is to prevent a recurrence of the disease. Dr. Doyen said, with regard to the alleged cure by means of a decoction of violet leaves, that the patient who attributed her cure to such a remedy could not really have suffered from cancer. Speaking on the subject of tobacco, this, he stated, in his opinion, does not cause cancer. "What it does," he said, "is to make the teeth bad, and, under such a condition, a scratch may have very serious results." Dr. Doyen does not hold the view that the disease is hereditary, and does not think that the microbe of cancer is transmitted from father to son. So far as the chances of recovery are concerned, he places great stress upon the health of the patients. "To the aged and infirm," he declared, "I can hold out little hope, though I could lessen their suffering. If, however, the disease is taken in hand in good time, the results are likely to be satisfactory."

Heart Made to Beat Three Hours after Death.

Dr. Leneke, of Hamburg, has succeeded in reviving a human heart after death, and keeping the muscle alive for three hours "after life was extinct." He gives the following statement of the interesting experiment:

"The body experimented on was that of a woman who had been executed. At 8.02 her head fell into the sack below the guillotine. In this sack one and a half quarts of her blood was caught. The body was placed at our disposal at 8.12, and the thorax was at once opened. There were weak contractions of certain parts of the heart, but the left ventricle had almost ceased to beat. At 8.23 the heart was placed in a Langenborff apparatus and bathed with Locke solution.

"Almost immediately the heart began to react in a slow but well-balanced way. At 8.43 we let into the heart, instead of Locke solution, the blood that had issued from the severed neck. This blood had previously been warmed to the natural degree, and we added to it a certain percentage of Ringer's fluid. Immediately after that all parts of her heart began to contract in the regular way, and continued to contract and act in the natural fashion until 11.03, when it stood still for ever after a last contraction."

Petrified Man.

There has just died at the hospital of Arles, Uberlingen, on the borders of Lake Constance, writes a *Daily Mirror* correspondent, a man named Brend, who was afflicted with a rare and most curious disease, the feature of which is that petrification gradually sets in all over the muscles and tissues of the body.

Brend, who reached the age of fifty-six, and was the son of a well-to-do farmer of Baden-Baden, was first affected by the disease when fifteen years old.

His feet first became petrified, and the disease gradually spread up to his chest, hardening his lungs.

Until a few years ago he was able to read and write, but he had to give this up when his hands and arms became petrified. Although his throat was affected, he was able to speak, his voice having a curious metallic sound.

In spite of his inability to move from his sofa-chair, Brend maintained a cheerful temper, and was fond of making jokes.

His death was caused by the petrification reaching his brain.

What the Ailment Was.

A new England statesman was referring to the dry humour of the late Senator Hoar, when he was reminded of the following:—

One day Hoar learned that a friend in Worcester who had been thought to have appendicitis was in reality suffering from acute indigestion.

Whereupon the Senator smiled genially. "Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."—*New York Tribune.*

"To believe in the heroic makes heroes."

"What a wise physician was Æsculapius! Physic was his abhorrence. He never was known to have prescribed a drug."—Disraeli.

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—**One may Help Many.**

For the exchange of ideas, personal experiences and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto. and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Letters from Club Medallists.

Always Prize it.

Ashstead, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the "Fellowship Medal," received safely last Saturday.

I think the head of Mr. Sandow on it is very good, and I shall always prize it. Hoping, although the first, that I shall not be the last lady to win it.—Yours truly,

P. CRESSWELL.

Now Adorns his Watch-chain.

Kingsand, Plymouth.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge, with best thanks, the receipt of the "Fellowship Medal," which now adorns my watch-chain.

I greatly admire the design, and shall derive much pleasure from wearing it.

W. ASTON-LEWIS.

An Ideal Adornment.

Great Grimsby.

DEAR SIR,—I am highly pleased with the medal, and consider the finish the acme of perfection.

I think it is an ideal adornment for the watch-chain, and all those who are the happy possessors of them cannot help being well satisfied.

CHAS. HY. FLETCHER.

Burglars, Beware!

Beaver Road, Ashford, Kent.

DEAR SIR,—I hope all the members will wear their medal on their watch-chain, not leave it in the case. I have attached mine to my chain, and there it's going to stop, unless somebody breaks into my bedroom and steals it, the same as they did your watch.

H. ANDREWS.

It has been Greatly Admired.

Lea Hurst, Mapperley Road,
Nottingham.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am very pleased with the medal, and consider its design and general appearance most artistic and pretty.

It has been greatly admired, and I hope, as soon as possible, to go one better and try for the gold medal.

ARCHIE V. BRIGHT.

From India.

Frere Hotel, Bombay.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a small photo. taken by myself of a native instructor, who studied under Mr. Pickard and latterly myself during last year in Bombay. He was sent down with another man to undergo a course of three months, and as you see now, he has worked well, and will, I think, make a very fine model later on. He has come down now for a course at the Dinshaw Petit Gymnastic School, and I took this opportunity of snapping him in my room on his usual Sunday visit. Trusting you are now getting once more acclimatised to dear old London, I am, yours sincerely,

A. GUNN.

Once an Inveterate Smoker.

10, Federico Street,
Valletta, Malta.

DEAR SIR,—I have been a constant reader of your Magazine these ten months, and have your two books, "Strength, and how to Obtain it," and "Body Building." I have followed the directions therein contained, and have derived great benefit. I have exercised during the above period with your Grip Dumb-bells and the Developer, using the latter also as chest expander. I have much pleasure to give some of my measurements before the course, and my measurements after, with other details. The results obtained are certainly most gratifying.

There is, of course, still room for improvement. Since taking up exercise, I have dropped smoking altogether. I may add that I was an inveterate cigarette smoker, and used to feel weak and shaky. Thanks to your exercises, I now feel healthy and strong.

BEFORE.		NOW (After 10 months).	
Age	38 yrs. 6 mths.	Neck	17½ inches
Weight	14 st.	Upper arm (R)	15 ,,
Height	5 ft. 8½ inches	Upper arm (L)	14½ ,,
Neck	16½ ,,	Forearm (R)	12½ ,,
Upper arm (R)	11 ,,	Forearm (L)	11½ ,,
Upper arm (L)	11 ,,	Chest (con)	38½ ,,
Forearm (R)	11 ,,	Chest (nor)	42 ,,
Forearm (L)	11 ,,	Chest (exp)	44½ ,,
Chest	38 ,,	Hips	39 ,,
Chest (exp)	40 ,,	Thigh (R)	23½ ,,
Thigh (R)	21½ ,,	Thigh (L)	23½ ,,
Calf (R)	14½ ,,	Calf (R)	16 ,,
Waist	37½ ,,	Calf (L)	15½ ,,
Wrist	6½ ,,	Ankles	9 ,,
		Waist	36 ,,
		Wrist	7 ,,

Occupation, sedentary (clerk, Civil Service), which compels me to be at my desk, sitting, for six to eight hours daily.

I exercise in the late afternoon or the evening, according to spare hours, employing one hour in all; and I find the afternoon the best time for exercise.

You may publish this letter if you think it is in any way interesting, or if it will help both to encourage others of my time of life, and so entitle me to the Fellowship of the Sandow Magazine Readers' Club.

I hope to be able to send also photos. for publication later.

I beg to remain, yours very gratefully,

Godfrey Ferris.

This Reader has Thought Out a Cure for Deafness.

Cartwright Street, E.

Dear Sir,—Being deaf for some considerable time I am now adopting physical culture as a curative for it. Last April I went under an operation to have some diseased bone and proud flesh taken away from the back of my ear which was the supposed cause of it. I was in the hospital three weeks, and when I came out I was worse than when I went in, for not only was I deaf, but they had left a hissing noise behind that I never had before. So my idea was to adopt physical culture. I am also going in for deep breathing and the massaging of the face, neck and head, so as the blood in its course can carry away any foreign substance or matter that might have gathered there. I am also doing plenty of neck exercises so as to strengthen the muscles surrounding the ears. I hope you see my intentions quite plain, as deafness is a serious matter when one is trying to make a stand in the world. I could not close my letter without giving the good old *Pioneer's* Magazine a word of praise. It is one of the best I have seen, and I look forward every week for it with great interest. Wishing it every success,

I remain,

Faithfully yours,

Charles Hostaman

P.S.—By Pioneer, I mean yourself as the originator of physical culture. I hope to send along a photo, and report how I get on shortly.

An Experience of Years.

Kennington Road,
London, S.E.,
February 22, 1906.

Dear Sir,—I have taken your magazine for some time, and I always read the letters in your Readers' Club pages, which interest me very much, and I am sending you this letter, as I think it may prove interesting to readers of your valuable magazine.

I have always gone in for all kinds of sport, viz., cricket, football, running, boxing, and dumb-bell exercise. At the age of 18 my great hobby was running, and I was in training for over five years, and only under doctor's orders did I give it up. Some time after I joined the theatrical profession, and during the pantomime seasons some sports were held in aid of the hospitals for three seasons at different towns in which I was playing. The temptation was too great, and I entered for several events, and was successful in most cases. Of course, I had to train for them, and finding no harm came to me, I started dumb-bell exercise again, and was feeling very fit. I kept it up for some time, when, unfortunately, I did not feel very well, and I went to see a doctor. I was again advised to give it up, as he thought my heart was weak, and I did so. A few years after I was touring with a comic opera company, and I shared my rooms with a friend who used your grip dumb-bells and developer every day, and, of course, I could not keep away from them, and I started again on your system, and kept it up for about twelve months, and I felt in grand condition. But one night I was bending to fasten my boots, and the cramp caught me just under the heart, and as the pain lasted all night and next day, I thought I would go to see another doctor, and I was told by him to give up exercise and excitement of any kind, so sold my dumb-bells and exerciser to a gentleman in our company. I felt lost without my exercise, and began to get stout, and suffered frightfully with indigestion and rheumatism, and fourteen months ago, when the London Coliseum opened, I was engaged to sing in the choir, and when first we opened there were four performances a day of two hours each, and during that time I had to sit still, and was in the building from 11.30 a.m. till 11.30 p.m. I found I was getting worse, and no life in me whatever, so I decided to take no notice of doctors, and do my exercise as before, and I am now using your grip dumb-bells, as I think there is nothing to equal them. And I may say that I have never felt better in my life, and have quite got rid of all my ailments. You will also be pleased to hear that not only have I done myself good, but also two gentlemen in our choir who were both suffering very badly with their backs, and could hardly move, their faces looking very livery, and no colour. One is 52 years of age and the other about 45. They complained to me and asked me how it was that I was looking so well, and never seemed to ail, so I advised them to do what I did, and I have taught them several exercises, which they do every morning, and I am pleased to say that all their pains have gone, and they are now looking healthy, merry, and bright.

I may mention that I hope to go in for your gold medal competition shortly, but at present I should feel honoured to have your Club Fellowship Medal, should you think I am worthy of having one. I shall be 30 in April, and the following are my measurements:—

Weight ..... (in clothes)	11 st. 11 lb.	Forearm	12½ inches.
		Wrist	7 ,,
Height	5 ft. 7 ins.	Waist	33 ,,
Chest (nor.)	41 inches.	Hips	39 ,,
Chest (exp.)	44 ,,	Thigh	23½ ,,
Neck	15 ,,	Calf	15 ,,
Biceps	13 ,,	Ankle	8½ ,,

Wishing you all success,

Yours truly,

J. Wilfred Rose.

[In cases of heart weakness, the exercises should be done very gently, and in this way the trouble may be got rid of. In advanced heart weakness one should be guided by doctor's advice.—Editor.]

Instructor to his Family.

Manchester.

SIR,—Seeing you offer a "Fellowship Medal" for personal experiences, etc., and having been a constant reader of your valuable magazine for the last 12 months, I take a pleasure in relating my reason for taking up physical culture, and its effects.

Although I have taken your magazine for so long, I only started following out the exercises three months ago. The reason I did not do so before was because I thought I did not need it, having always enjoyed the best of health, and an improvement was hardly possible (so I thought).

One day, however, upon looking in an "outfitter's" window, I noticed your book "Strength" lying open, and the few lines I managed to read inspired me with the wish to become really strong. I straightway went in and purchased it, and that night feeling like a Sandow, I faithfully followed out the exercises set forth therein, and then finished off with a plunge in the cold bath (the bath I have been used to taking for the last two years, winter and summer, and find it puts on a grand finish after exercising—in my case).

When I told my parents of my intention they smiled as much as to say "poor thing."

My brother, who is three years my senior, would say when not in the best of tempers, "Well, how is the Ghost of Samson getting on?" or other equally complimentary remarks. I took no notice, however, of these remarks, but worked all the harder, and in spite of themselves my parents, together with brothers and sister, had to acknowledge in about six weeks' time what a profound alteration had taken place in me. My friends also noticed it, and asked me what was making me so stout (so they expressed it). My mother, sister, and two brothers (especially my sister) seeing what physical culture had done for me, accepted my proposition to try it, and now I feel a most important personage holding the position of instructor to them, and being the possessor of six pairs of dumb-bells, and one or two of your best books.

In conclusion I may say that, however well I felt before starting I am ten times as well now, and if I receive a "Fellowship Medal," it will be kept amongst my proudest possessions.

Apologising for taking up so much valuable space.

DUDLEY HOLLINGWORTH.

From Weakness to Strength.

Peterborough.

SIR,—I have had an experience, which, when you have read it, I think should encourage anyone to start "physical culture," or, if already practising same, will encourage him more. I was born in the year 1890, and I was not very strong compared with the average boy. When I was at school I picked up with a lad who lived in the country, and I was very often out with him in the fields, and this, fortunately, gave me better health than I formerly had. Later on I left school, and my friend as well, and picked up with another lad who was taking an interest in your magazine. I purchased a pair of dumb-bells, and also one of your developers, and I used to exercise every night and morning. Well, this went on for a little while, but I did not get my muscles any bigger, and sometimes I really thought I should never obtain any, but I would not give it up, and I persevered, and I began to see that I was getting bigger, and my arms, legs, and chest, measurements began to increase. Encouraged by this, I continued with more energy than ever, and my measurements now are :—

MEASUREMENTS.

Height ... 5 ft.	8½ inches	Upper arm (R)	10¾ inches
Neck	14½ ,,	Waist	29½ ,,
Chest (nor.) ...	34 ,,	Hips	32½ ,,
Chest (exp.) ...	36½ ,,	Thigh	21 ,,
Forearm (R) ...	10 ,,	Calf	13 ,,

which are a wonderful improvement on the original measurements.

This experience of mine, I think, will help many, and to those who are like I was, just take an example and you will be thankful that you did.

NORMAN S. WILSON.

Sticking to his Guns.

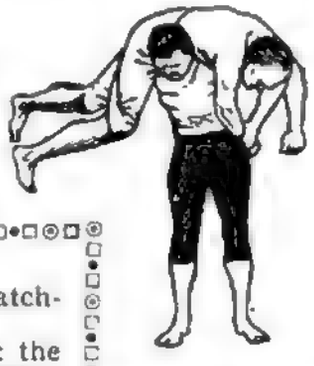
Brechin, N.B.

SIR,—Seeing so many letters of startling experiences in your S.M.R.C. I have decided to send you mine, if you think it worth a place in your Club's pages. When I started physical culture I was not weak nor ailing in my health, but seeing some feats of strength about nine months ago, I at once decided to improve my physical being. I bought a pair of dumb-bells, and went through a course of training. At first I felt disinclined to carry out my practice, and would fain have thrown off my task. Getting a look at your magazine (which I consider the best in the market) from a friend, I saw a hint in it as to how to treat my complaint, so I went home that night determined to stick to my guns, as the saying goes. Soon this disinclination left me, and now my exercises are gone through with a natural force. I buy your magazine weekly, and since I first bought it (about eight months ago) it has developed, and is developing the best I ever saw any book of its kind doing. After I have read your magazine I pass it on to my chums, who take a great interest in it, and a few of whom I have already got started to your system of physical betterment. Our only drawback is the want of a decent place to practice in. We, however, are contented with what we have, viz., a large wooden shed with inside accommodation of about five square yards. My measurements as taken two months ago are as follows :—

Age, 17 years 7 months.		Forearm	11¼ inches
Weight	9 st. 5¼ lbs.	Waist	27 ,,
Height ... 5 ft.	3½ inches	Thighs	20 ,,
Neck	14½ ,,	Calf	13½ ,,
Chest	38 ,,	Ankle	8 ,,
Biceps	12¼ ,,		

A. GOODFELLOW.

ON AND OFF THE MAT AND TRACK.



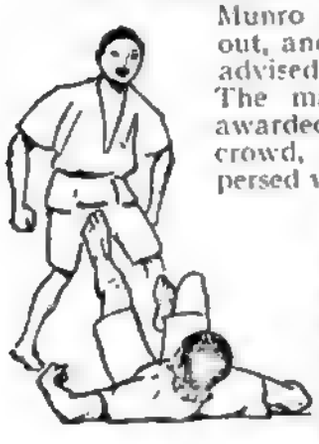
SOME time ago Ahmed Madrali, known in wrestling circles as the "Terrible Turk," undertook to throw Alec Munro, of Glasgow, the Scottish wrestling champion, four times in one hour, catch-as-catch-can style.

The Turk made the attempt at the Lyceum Music Hall last Thursday afternoon before a house that was packed in every part. The prize at stake was a purse of £250, given by the proprietor of the hall, Mr. Barrasford, and a stake of £100—£50 a-side.

The men took the mat at 3.35. Mr. George Dunning was referee. Time was called at 3.36. At the end of a minute the Turk put his man on the mat with a body hold from the back. Continuing his aggressive tactics, Madrali got his man by the leg and shoulder, but was stopped by both rolling off the mat. Thus early, however, it was apparent that the foreigner was by far the better man in every way. With an arm and leg hold he rolled the Scot over and gained the first fall in 4 min. 47 sec.

The second fall came in 1 min. 3 sec., Munro making no sort of show of resistance. The Scotsman's display was quite inexplicable, and caused the very greatest disappointment to his friends. The match was already over, and many of the spectators were already leaving the hall. At the end of the five minutes' rest Munro declared that he could not continue, and a most unsatisfactory affair was over after very little more than six minutes of actual wrestling of a very poor quality.

It was announced from the stage that Munro had put his shoulder out, and had been medically advised not to continue. The match and prize were awarded to Madrali, and the crowd, to their credit, dispersed very quietly.



Ju-jitsu, ju-ju-tsu, or jiu-jutsu—whichever be its proper name—is booming in London, where the schools are crowded all day long. One has to wait one's turn to go on the mat in the evening, so many are the pupils for the professors to instruct. Of course, it is rare fun looking on. Indeed, more than one pupil is content to pay his money to merely look on. They prefer to look *on*, rather than up from the—to them—undignified prone position in the annexed thumb-nail illustration by our artist.

Still, it's rare fun all round; whilst those who do not mind "going through" the more-bumps-than-glory stages quickly become proficient Ju-Jitsuists.

Leeds Y.M.C.A., on March 3rd, defeated Huddersfield Technical College in the National Physical Society's competition for the Yorkshire Junior Challenge Shield by 328½ points to 295. The competition items were horizontal bar, jump and barbell exercise. There was a large number of interested spectators.

Great surprise was freely expressed by the spectators at the Lyceum match last Thursday between Madrali and Munro that the latter did not make a better show even before he was hurt. Such "innocents at home" must be enjoying the bliss of the ignorant in wrestling matters. There is no man in Great Britain, or America either, who can stand against a second-rate Continental wrestler—and there is no cause for wonder at this. Wrestling on the Continent is a regular profession. In England it has never been more than a side-line to something else. Munro, for instance, is "a member of the force (police)," and wrestling is with him more of a recreation than a business, as it is—and a life-long one, too—with Madrali, Hackenschmidt and others.

Diabutsu, the latest importation from Japan, is a sturdily-built man, larger in every sense of the word than the usual type of Ju-Jitsu wrestlers that have appeared in England. He weighs over 12 st., and appears to be even heavier than that. Many comments have been passed on the fact that he is not so quick as some of his opponents of this art, but if not so cat-like, every movement is thoroughly understood, and played for by him in a remarkable manner. Indeed, it is very rarely that an opponent breaks away from him once Diabutsu "gets a 'old."

Diabutsu left Japan last year on a visit to America, and whilst there appeared in Washington and New York, defeating in these cities some of the best-known American wrestlers. From there he travelled to England by the invitation of Prof. Uyenishi, and is now appearing nightly at the Lyceum. As his stay in England is very short, it is improbable that he will accept further engagements, unless his present plans are considerably altered.

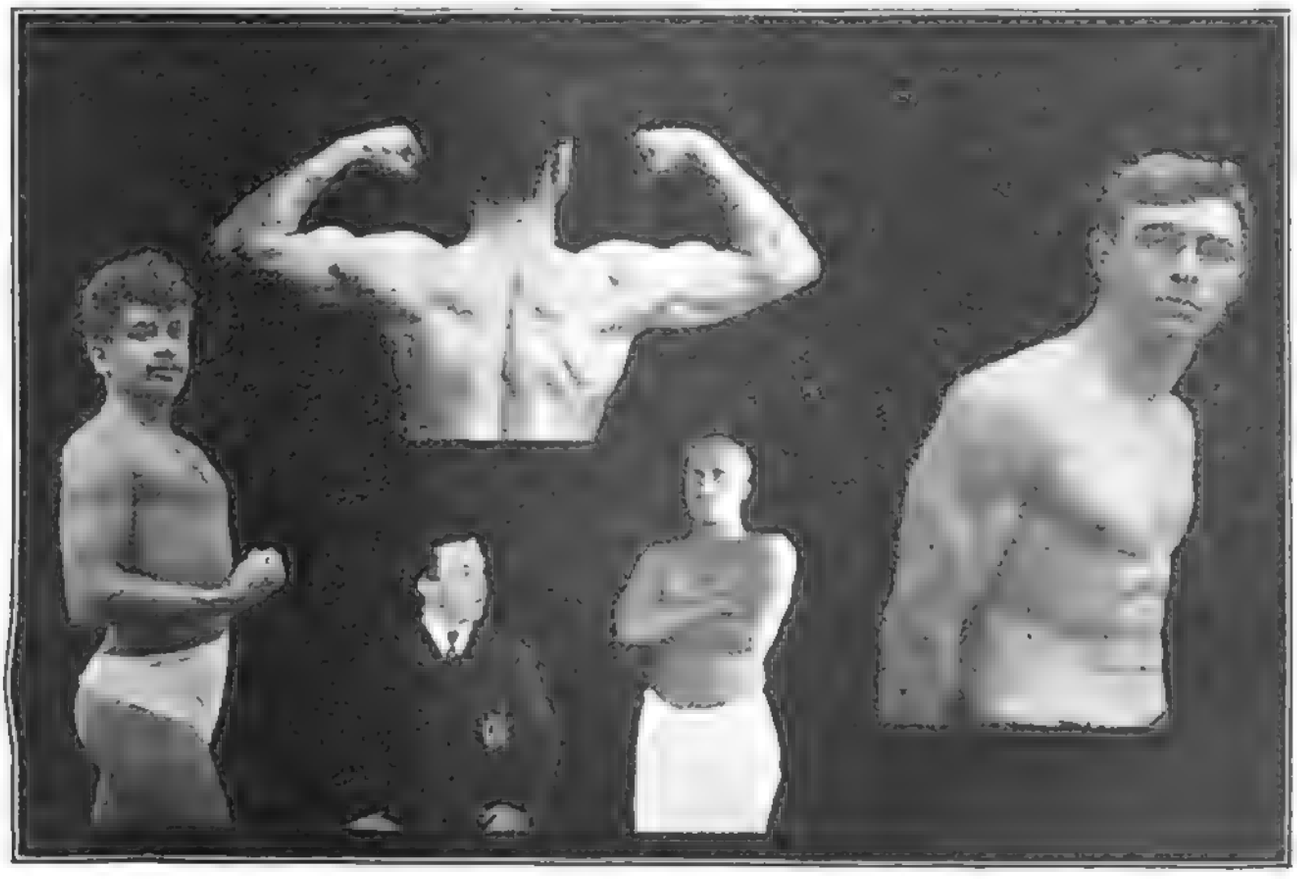
Whilst appearing at the Lyceum, probably he has not caught the public fancy so strongly as some of the previous professors of the art. This may be accounted for from the fact that he is essentially a Ju-Jitsu wrestler, and not a showman, consequently he does not extend the art to make-believe when on the mat.

Arthur Saxon, whom few would deny to be the finest one-hand weight-lifter now lifting weights publicly, made an attempt to break his own one-hand British record of 335 lb. 12 oz. (Saxon is said to have lifted more on the Continent), at the National Sporting Club back in January—29th, to wit—but though he got 353 lbs. up in the air, he lost balance, and failed to maintain the weight in the desired uplifted position for a sufficiently appreciable period of time. Saxon means to have another try soon. Meantime, Thomas Inch, the publisher of the standard work on "The Art of Weight-lifting," is desirous of getting together some contributions towards a presentation purse to the giant-armed Arthur Saxon. Readers can send their mighty or little mites to Mr. Inch at the Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W.

A terrible accident occurred at an Antwerp gymnasium last Thursday. The building was in course of construction, and collapsed, killing three carpenters and wounding fatally four masons. Men belonging to the Fire Department are digging for other victims.

It is reported that Canon Harford has selected Hackenschmidt as the model for a series of illustrations depicting the physically perfect man, to be exhibited at this year's revival of Olympic Games at Athens.

Some Readers' Photos.



H. SULSH, Battersea.
Pupil of Mr. Pickard. MR. PICKARD, of Bombay. Pupil of Mr. Pickard. H. WILLIAMS, Cardiff.

A LITTLE ABOUT THE ZULUS.

A People who are threatening the White Man in South Africa.

THE Colonials of Natal are threatened with troubles with their native neighbours of Zululand, a territory to the north-east of Natal, from which it is separated by the River Tugela, and of which it was independent till 1898, but is now an integral part. Zululand is a little larger than Belgium, is well watered, is capable of cultivation, and has 140 miles of seaboard. It is understood to possess some mineral wealth, though it has not yet been wrought.

The Zulus are a race of superior physique and intellectual endowment, as well as moral temperament, and incline to a quiet pastoral life. In the war with the Zulus, under Cetewayo, in 1879, they fell upon a British force at Pandula and cut it in pieces, but were afterwards overpowered at Ulundi and put to rout.

These people, perhaps, come as near living a natural life as any race of people on the globe. They live in little huts made of branches, which are interlaced and plastered over with mud and thatched with grass. These huts do not have doors, but small openings, barely large enough to permit a man to crawl through. The huts are very close and badly ventilated, and are very unhealthy places to live in. But the natives do not stay in the huts very much of the time. They stay outdoors most of the time, and the hut is used more as a bedroom than as a house to live in. When they do go to bed they sleep on the floor right in front of the doorway, so that all the fresh air possible blows into the hut right on the sleeper. This, too, is the deadly night air that the civilised people are so afraid of. Seven or eight hours, while sleeping, is about the only time spent in the hut, and when the weather is fine they do not stay in the hut even this long, but sleep outdoors.

They take plenty of outdoor exercise, walk a great deal, and are fond of dancing. When they start on a long journey they generally set off at a sort of a dog-trot, and seem to prefer going at this pace rather than walking. In this way they get over the ground very quickly, and can keep going for many miles without resting. The Zulu trots up hill as well as down. He spends much time in hunting, and often the whole family or tribe go on a long march, carrying with them their mats and blankets and cooking utensils. The women are as strong as the men, and when on the march carry an equal part of the burden.

As to the clothing, they wear very little, if any. In this way they enjoy both the sun and air. The sun shines upon their naked skins, making it very healthy. A healthy skin, of course, helps to keep the internal organs in good condition. The air constantly playing upon their bodies makes them immune to taking cold. Sometimes they cover their bodies over with clay. In all kinds of weather they go about bare-footed and bare-headed; in fact, the whole body bare. They are not very fond of bathing, but, being unclothed and exposed to the air at all times, makes bathing less necessary for them than civilised folk.

Whenever one of these natives is taken from his natural home and brought under the sway of civilisation, made to dress in civilised clothes, and give up his outdoor life, it seems to weaken him and make him less able to endure anything. Sometimes the mothers and children are taken to missionary stations. It is not long after they are there than their health

begins noticeably to fail. It seems that these children of nature cannot well bear the ways of civilisation.

Their principal food is corn. When it is young and tender they eat the green corn. After it is a little older they cook it, simply putting it in an iron pot with a little water and boiling until soft. They sometimes break up the grains with stones, and make a sort of a porridge with it. They use milk very freely. They also have water-melons, pumpkins, and sugar-cane.

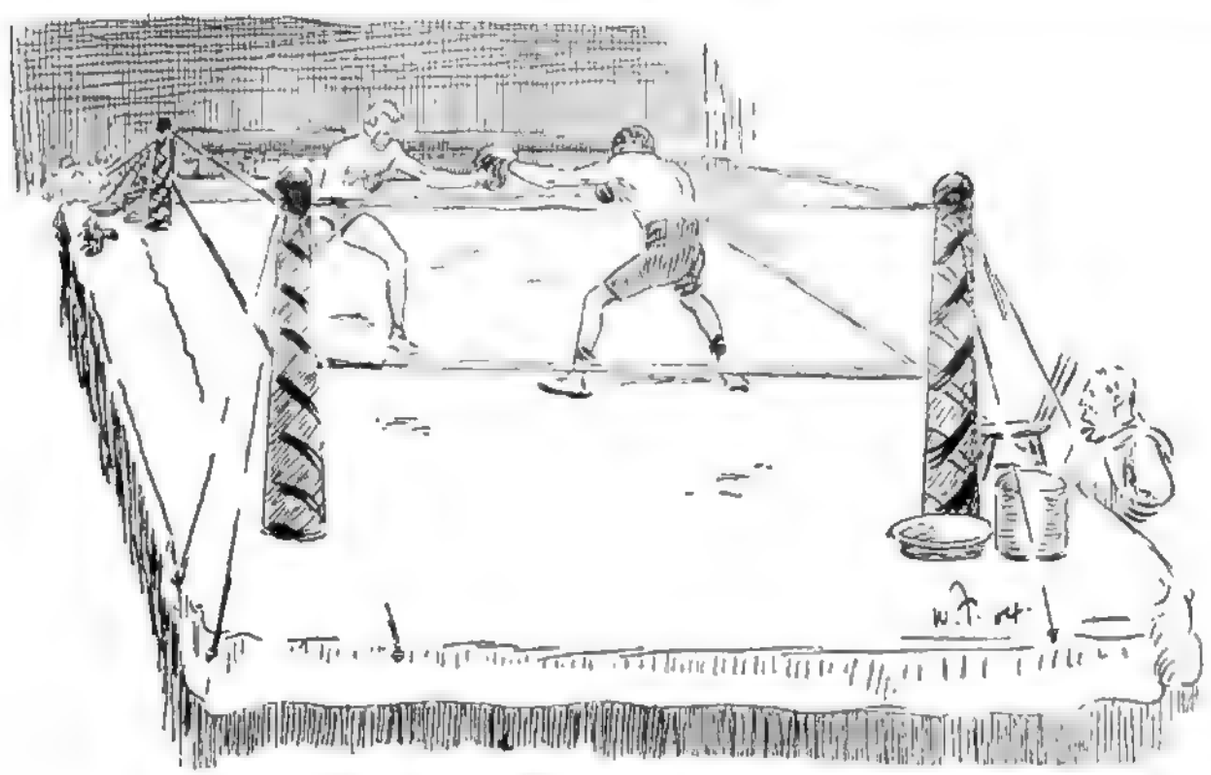
While they keep a large number of cattle to furnish them with milk, they seldom kill or eat any of their cattle. On particular occasions they sometimes kill an animal and eat it. At these times they eat enormous quantities of meat. After they have completely gorged themselves, then they lie down and sleep for twenty-four hours or more.

Of course, some things they do, especially their habits of eating, are very unwholesome, but no bad results come from this, largely on account of the fact that they live in the open air so much that they are enabled to throw off the bad effects of it. Otherwise bad effects might result from this excessive eating.

Whenever these natives come in contact with civilised life they try to follow civilisation, give up their good habits, and take on some of the white man's bad habits, and the result is that they do not become civilised, but make themselves worse than they were in their native state. The white man can copy, with better results, the Zulu than the Zulu can the white man. If the civilised man would learn from these Zulus to stay in the open air and sun, to wear less clothing, and not be afraid of night air, he would be a far healthier and better developed creature than he is.—E. P.

The Ideal Schoolmaster.

The sort of man whom public schoolboys instinctively obey is the man who has a certain *savoir faire* about him, who is cheerful, reasonable, and peremptory, if necessary, who understands about games and can play them. Intellectual interests count for very little under present circumstances, because the average boy is not particularly interested in intellectual things, and thus the best type of public schoolmaster is the man who is able enough to have taken a good degree and athletic enough to have spent his afternoons in games at the university.—MR. A. C. BENSON, in *The Morning Post*.



A reminiscent sketch of a Boxing Match at that wonderful place, "Wonderland," in East London, on a Saturday night.

THE GREEK AND THE MODERN ATHLETE.

Some Famous Modern Feats.

IN connection with the forthcoming Olympic games, the following comparison between the old Greek athlete and those of the present day will be found interesting.

In reading ancient history, as for example, in the pages of Plutarch, we know of the value of great exploits in reference to the times in which they occurred; but it is difficult to realise those records in terms of the performances that excite our admiration in our own day, for we are at a loss to determine the relation of what might be called the scales of the charts which form the basis of comparison. The statistics of the physical powers of the ancients and moderns would afford us the means of fixing a common scale, if such statistics were fully available.

But it must be remembered that the Greeks of the old Olympic days had no exact time-measures, and that partly in consequence, no doubt, of the lack of that advantage, they were not at all precise in their measurement of distance. Homer speaks of a chariot beating another by a distance "as far as a vigorous youth could throw a disk." The distance by which a steer could outplow a heifer, was another standard of measurement. In reading some of the ancient records, indeed, we are tempted to believe that it was a Greek, and not the much-abused Irishman, who described something as "about the size of a piece of chalk."

The march of the Spartan forces from their country into Attica, magnificent as it was, has probably been equalled in modern times. The French, though their contribution to athletic records, as we generally understand the term, is not very brilliant, probably carry off the palm, as far as the continent of Europe at least is concerned, in the domain of military feats. Marmont, one of Napoleon's most capable marshals, is said to have marched a large body of men across Europe to rejoin Napoleon in Austria, at an average rate of 40 miles a day for a fortnight, and to have had very few stragglers. MacDonald's crossing of the Splügen was a feat to compare not unfavourably with Hannibal's. While on the side of the Emperor's adversaries, a most brilliant marching feat is that of Crauford, who brought his Irish soldiers sixty miles to participate in the battle of Talavera, and turned them into the fight in time to save Wellington from a tight corner.

The Olympic short-distance races were run under conditions that seem to preclude brilliant performances. The men were held at the start with long supple leathern thongs—literally like greyhounds in the leash; and on many vases may be seen the designs representing the very act of slipping the runners. Then there are frequent descriptions in the poets, referring to the "dusty" course, the dust sometimes enveloping the runners from the view. The short-distance pedestrians used to swing their arms as they ran, and, according to Dion Chrysostomos, encouraged themselves by loud shouts. They ran quite naked, their limbs rubbed with oil and, at every movement of the perfect muscle, glistening in brilliance.

The short-distance races were two in number—one, the length of the stadium (about 180 yards); the other, the dialos, double that distance, being simply the length of the stadium and back. The long-distance race, the dolichos, was 24 times the length of the stadium, and, therefore, about 80 yards short of 2½ miles. It is to be specially noted that the courses of the dialos and of the dolichos were not in the nature of laps, but simply forwards and backwards along the same track. Now, when we try and realise all these conditions, we do not find the atmosphere of really first-class athletic performances; and I have grave doubt that Ladas, or Dandes the Argive,

or Antipatros of Epeiros, were ever able to crack evens.

The Greeks had no high jump, so that one possible chance of comparison, in default of time-records, is thus removed from us; and, unfortunately, the records in the long jump are only such as to darken counsel. Phayllos of Kroton, we are told in many inscriptions on the pedestals of statues, leaped a distance of 55 feet! And the Greek foot, it should be noted, was a little longer than our own. Jaeger, a learned German authority, it is true, makes the distance to have been 13.75 metres, which is 45 feet 1 inch; but anyone having any practical acquaintance with this branch of athletics will find no explanation of the mystery in this reduction. The Greeks used *halteres*—weights shaped like dumb-bells—in their hands, probably throwing them behind them at the moment of taking the leap. The Halma, or leap, as far as we are informed, consisted of a single bound, and there is nowhere—contrary to what has been at times advanced as an explanation—any mention of a spring-board or the like, which would give assistance to the competitor. The vases frequently represent the Halma in progress, and it has all the appearance of being a simple leap of such character as in our own games.

But, on the other hand, the greatest leap of modern times, without weights, is that of Peter O'Connor, who holds the world's record of 24 feet 11¾ inches, made a couple of years ago in Ireland.

The greatest long-jumper of modern times, however, was probably Howard, of Bradford, who, as far back as May 8th, 1854, at Chester, is said to have cleared 29 feet 7 inches, taking off a solid wedge-shaped block of wood, 4 inches high at the take-off, and 2 feet in length, and using dumb-bells of five pounds each, which he flung behind him at the moment of taking his spring. Amongst Howard's feats was that of springing over an English billiard table lengthwise.

The record running hop-step-and-jump is that of W. M'Manus, at Cooramundra, N.S.W., Australia, April 15th, 1893—49 feet 2¾ inches; while J. Purcell, Tralee, Ireland, May 7th, 1887, has the record for two running hops-and-a-jump, with 47 feet 9½ inches.

The disc-throwing of the Greeks was their only representative of all the finely developed series of our own similar sports —weight-throwing, shot-putting, throwing the various hammers, quoits, skittles, etcetera. Now, according to the principle of evolution, we find that increasing higher development is always accompanied by increasing heterogeneity, complexity, and precision; and in every branch of athletics this test is entirely in favour of the moderns. Even the art of running, the simplest, as well as the most ancient and the most assiduously practised of all sports, has only since its renaissance in England some sixty years ago been brought to a high state of perfection. At that time, the great runners were all professionals, the most noted being the celebrated American, George Seward, who beat all his English rivals in a series of memorable contests. He was credited with having run 100 yards in 9¼ seconds at Hammersmith, London, September 30th, 1844, but the element of precision was lacking in those days. Since Seward's day, running, as well as all athletic sports, has been more and more practised by amateurs; and their prowess has gradually increased, until now their records are the leading ones, in the majority of events.

A comparison of the Greek wrestling with modern wrestling is difficult. The Greeks anointed their nude bodies with oil, but the opponents made free use of the dust of the arena to counteract the slipperiness of the holds. But the sport was hardly so developed as with ourselves. The French school of wrestling alone has thirty-eight arm holds, and a vast number of positions, and yet it excludes many of the favourite "chips" of the Cumberland style. With great freedom, therefore, in the regulations, such as obtained in the pancreas, there was scope for an endless diversity of play and for a very elaborate training. But the descriptions that have come down to us reveal no great complexity or appreciation of varied "points."

Certainly some of the old wrestlers,

such as Milo, have extraordinary feats of strength accredited to them. Milo, for example, carried an ox on his shoulders; and he is said to have met his death as an indirect consequence of his prowess, for, having rent the boughs of a tree asunder, he was caught by the rebound and devoured by wolves.

We find nothing in the ancient records corresponding to the great feats of strength of Louis Cyr, Sandow, or even the less famous Jefferson, who, with hands only, lifted 1,571¼ pounds, solid iron, at Boston, December 11th, 1890; or Schmidt-Mitchell, who, at the Athletic Institute, Wilton Place, London, S.W., December 12th, 1891, lifted, with one finger, a weight of 560 pounds attached to an iron ring.

Swimming was one of the most universally practised of all exercises, and the legendary feat of Leander seems to have been the literal high-water mark of the Greeks. But in the whole course of ancient history there is nothing comparable to the feat of Captain Matthew Webb, who swam from Dover to Calais, 21 hours 45 minutes, August 24th and 25th, 1875.

As to food and training, one is forced to believe that the Greek system was a bad one. The tendency was to produce men of bulky muscles, but sapped of energy and elasticity. The food was too simple in quality, and too much restricted to the vegetarian régime. Plato, who was himself trained as an athlete, speaks of their sleepiness and lack of intelligence. Euripides, Plutarch, and Galen are inclined to believe that the whole system of athletics was of more detriment than advantage. The athletes did not long remain—five years on the average—in the full vigour of their powers, and that in spite of their quite remarkable temperance and chastity. In our days some of the most remarkable feats, not only of strength, but even of skill, speed, and agility, have been performed by men well up to forty. Did our athletes practise the temperance of the Greeks, they might keep up their form for a period of twenty years.

As to the crown of laurel and the crown of gold, it should be remembered that the Greek athletes were, in a technical sense, all professionals. Those who were preparing for the contests had to enter gymnasiums and go through a specified course, being debarred meanwhile from all other pursuits. Golden crowns were frequently given at Olympia, and money prizes were distributed to the successful athlete, not only at the games, but also by their native towns on their return. The athletic champions were also given free places at the Prytaneum; and, indeed, to all intents and purposes, they became pensioners of state. It is true that men of high birth often competed, even the sons of kings; but it is also true that Corebes was a cook, Egon a shepherd, Argeus a peasant, and that no question was ever raised as to the rank of life of an athlete's father. On the other hand, pure Greek birth was insisted on. Alexander, son of Amyntas, king of Macedon, was refused admittance to the Games until he was able to prove that he was an Argive by blood.

With regard to the physique of the Greeks, finally declares Mr. Arthur Lynch, in *Outing*, we must not place too much reliance on their sculpture, for the statues were often formed by taking the best points from a number of different models.

Jerky.

"This is the age of jerks . . . short sermons, short stories, short words, short wills, short tempers, and short lives."—*Daily Dispatch.*

The lot
Is mine,
If not
To shine,
At least to try
To aim as high
As can
Weak man.

As po-
Ets should,
I show
The good,
And point the way
Which others may,
Though quak-
Ing, take.

And when,
In jerks,
My pen-
Cil works,
I give a sort
Of lead; in short,
Fit rhymes
To times.

A. W. B.

"SANDOW'S MAGAZINE" GOLD MEDAL PHOTO. COMPETITION.

Having regard to the rapid strides in popularity which have been made recently by physical culture, and the fact that five years have elapsed since we instituted our Great Competition, which, as everyone knows, culminated in the mammoth gathering at the Albert Hall, we feel that the inauguration of this magazine in its new form would be a fitting time to revive the Competition which was such a signal success before. The conditions on the present occasion will be slightly varied in order to meet the altered state of things which prevail. It will be remembered that in the first great Competition all entrants were on an equal footing, but as this is obviously to the great disadvantage of those whose bodies are not fully developed, this time we shall give, each month, medals for two classes, full particulars being given in the conditions set out below.

Conditions of the Competition.

(1) The Competition will be for the purpose of encouraging physical culture amongst all classes.

(2) The judging will be from photographs (back and front if possible) and properly authenticated measurements on the coupon

(3) A Gold Medal will be presented each month to the one who, in the opinion of the judges, shows the best development and most symmetrical measurements amongst (a) those eighteen years of age or under, and (b) those over eighteen years of age.

(4) No photos can be returned.

(5) The right is reserved to publish any of the photos submitted for competition.

(6) **No winner in a previous competition is eligible.**

(7) The coupon on this page stands good until the last day of the month, and the awards will be announced in another issue

(8) Competitors from abroad will be entered in the month of receipt of Coupon, providing it was sent during the month for which it is available.

As a new generation, so to speak, of physical culturists has sprung up since the first competition, it will be interesting to compare the general physique then and now.

COUPON FOR MARCH.

Name of Competitor

Address

MEASUREMENTS.

Age	Upper Arm L.
Height	Fore Arm L.
Weight	Hips
Chest Contracted	Thigh R.
Chest Expanded	Calf R.
Waist	Thigh L
Upper Arm R.	Calf L.
Fore Arm R.	Ankle
	Neck

We hereby certify that the above measurements are correct. (SIGNED),

Name..... *Name*.....

.....

.....

All Photos sent in must have the name of the Competitor written plainly on the back, and, if possible, the measurements should be witnessed by at least one medical man.

HOW THE LIVER WORKS.

THE business of the liver is to manufacture antidotes for poisons. It is a rendering establishment to which the dead fragments—the little corpses that accumulate in the body—are carried to be destroyed. In every city the various dead animals are gathered up by a scavenger and taken to the rendering establishment, where they are converted into all manner of useful things. The liver is to the body a sort of rendering establishment, which disposes of the dead corpuscles. All the corpuscles of the body die every six weeks. Every second of our lives something like 18,000,000 of these red cells have to be disposed of, and the liver does part of the work of grinding them up and working them over into something useful. The red corpuscles have potash in them, which is used for making bile. The bile is a kind of lye for making soap in the small intestines. This soap, like all good home-made soaps is disinfectant; it is a splendid antiseptic and germicide. It destroys the germs in the alimentary canal, helps the digestion and absorption of food, is useful as a laxative, and in a variety of ways. The colouring matter is carefully saved out of these red cells, and sent back into the body to be used for dyeing the hair, tinting the skin, and painting the dark chambers of the eye where the photographing is done.

If the liver does not do this work as efficiently as it ought, these little corpses accumulate in the body.

In other words, the body becomes a sepulchre, and we carry about with us dead things that should have been discharged from the body through the bowels, the kidneys, the skin, and the lungs, and should have returned to dust again.

The liver is a closed door, which keeps poisons out of the rest of the body. The kidneys, skin, and lungs are open doors to let the poisons escape from the body.

It is wonderfully interesting to see how the liver is placed in the circulation of the blood for the purpose of accomplishing this.

The blood that comes down from the heart to the stomach, spleen, pancreas, and intestines is gathered up by itself and carried into one large vein called the portal vein, which conveys it to the liver, where it is purified and sent into the large vein that conveys the blood back to the heart in a pure state again. All the food taken into the stomach is filtered by the liver before it is absorbed. That is why one can, with apparent impunity, take such things as tea and coffee, whisky, beer, tobacco, etc.; all these impurities are passed through the liver before they get into the general circulation. If they should go straight to the brain, the drinker would fall dead shortly after taking his glass of whisky.

When the liver is plump and healthy, full of glycogen made from the blood, it has a wonderful faculty of destroying poisons; but a starved liver cannot do this. That is why a glass of whisky, taken before breakfast, does a man twice as much harm as if taken after breakfast. A dose of medicine taken on an empty stomach is much more powerful in its effects than a similar dose taken when the stomach is full, for the reason that a full stomach furnishes the liver with material which it makes use of to fight poisons.

Suppose a man takes into his stomach quantities of whisky, rancid fats in the shape of cheese, decomposing milk, dead fish, beefsteak with *haut-gout*, game, and fancy poultry not cooked until in an advanced state of putrefaction. When people eat things of that sort, the liver is supplied with more poisons than it can possibly deal with, and they pass by into the veins.

The normal liver is a closed door, but when there comes such a flood upon it,

it cannot keep the door shut; it is forced open a little way, and lets the poisons through into the blood. Then the blood is not purified; the impurities go through and the body becomes filled with them. The brain becomes confused, dull, stupid, and the man feels bilious. The poisons get into the muscles, and he feels weary and worn out; they get into the nerves and he has sciatica or lumbago; the nerve centres get irritable and inefficient, and there is nervous exhaustion, and perhaps melancholia.

A man in this state is intoxicated by the poisons generated in his own body, by the putrefaction processes taking place in his stomach, colon, and intestines. His body becomes saturated with these putrescent corpses, and has an offensive odour about it. A corpse is simply decomposing flesh, and when a man's body is full of that sort of thing he is really a sepulchre.

This is the condition of the body when a man has been filling himself with unwholesome things. For instance, thousands of people are now living almost entirely on meat. The reason they do so is because it is easy to get; it is the principal thing found at the hotel or boarding-house. It is also easy to eat, can be swallowed without much mastication, and will digest quickly in the stomach. One does not have a sour stomach, eructations, or gulping after eating meat. Starch will ferment in two or three hours, but meat requires a longer time to get to that stage, and it produces ptomains instead of acids. These alkaline ptomains make no discomfort or trouble in the stomach; but after they are taken into the blood, the liver and the kidneys have to wrestle with them, and soon the body becomes saturated with them.

The Value of Gymnastics.

Physical culture enthusiasts who have, up to now, been content with home training with dumbbells and exercises, would do well this season to try a course of gymnastics. They can develop muscle (if that is their chief aim) as easily in the gymnasium as with "culture" appliances, and the muscle that is built up will be skilled and capable of other performances besides rubber stretching and weight-lifting. Up-to-date gymnasium work tends to make a body symmetrical and graceful. Grace and what is commonly known as physical culture have seldom anything to do with each other. The exceedingly ugly poses so often assumed while performing "developing" exercises, or for display of abdominal, pectoral, thigh, or other muscles, are not allowed in the gymnastic class, and have to give way to positions better calculated to straighten out the body. A gymnast who has developed much muscle has also, if he has been under a good teacher, developed much self-confidence, physical skill, grace, and activity.—*Gymnastum.*

ARTHUR SAXON,

Senior leading Member of the famous Saxon Trio, said to be the world's best one-handed lifter (335 *lbs.*).

"WHAT'S BEING DONE FOR THE CHILDREN?"

"A BABY IS A NATIONAL ASSET."

I HAVE said, over and over again, that physical training should begin in the school, and, if possible, even in the nursery. When I run through the packet of press cuttings from all parts of the country which I receive daily, I feel lately that I am really passing through a beautiful dream, for though on this question of physical education I was for a long time like one crying in the wilderness, now the country, from Land's End to John O'Groats, is as one voice in favour of compulsory physical training in schools. In fact, the people of this country are only beginning to learn what France and Germany have long realised, that a nation's strength lies in its cradles. The agitation for the welfare of the children has a noble army of big-minded men and women behind it, all sects, sections, and political parties joining in the movement.

A SOCIAL RENT.

The solemn and mighty "Thunders" of Printing House Square joins in the movement to feed the little stomach before cramming the little brain. In a leading article dealing with the Bill for providing meals for poor school children, it says: "Here is a rent in the social fabric to which a clout can be applied. We have got this problem to solve just now, and prosperity may look after the rest."

TEACHING CHILDREN TO PLAY.

In Paris every child is well fed and cared for, and in many ways we can learn from the Continent, in public schools in Germany, game masters and game mistresses are appointed by the Government during the holidays to teach and encourage children to play, buns and milk even being officially provided. Fraulein Wilke, of the Chelsea Polytechnic Gymnastic Training College, is trying her best to do something of this sort for the poor children of London, and, with a number of voluntary workers, is endeavouring to organise an outdoor game party at Easter for the Chelsea children. The outdoor parties in Battersea Park will be held every Sunday afternoon, provided, of course, the London County Council grant the necessary permission.

A MISTAKEN POLICY.

"The country has paid too much attention to the cultivation of the mental qualities of the children," said Mr. J. W. Taylor, M.P., in supporting the Provision of Meals Bill debate, "and has neglected their physical qualities, a practice inimical to the best interests of the nation. As body and mind are interdependent, the two must be considered if human development is to be one of the results of the future."

LEWISHAM'S SCHOOL DRILL.

By permission of the London County Council the playgrounds of all the schools under its control in the borough of Lewisham are to be available for purposes of drill on two or three days a week for about half an hour at a time.

The Lewisham Schools' Rifle Association has organised the County Council Schools and Orphanages throughout the borough with a view to teaching drill and miniature rifle shooting to as many of the boys as are willing to learn.

Lewisham offers the first example in the United Kingdom of an attempt to organise an entire district and to show how much can be done at little cost. Already 2,600 lads are being drilled, and it is expected that the Association will presently control a total strength of 4,000.

THE PLAY INSTINCT.

Mr. Geo. H. Archibald, at a meeting of Friends in York, said: "Give children as much free play as possible, use play as the instinct, educate and develop the emotions and the will, and the intellect will develop later and last longer than when all teaching is directed to the early development of the intellectual faculties."

NEW EDUCATION RATE.

At a meeting of the Brighton Town Council recently, Councillor Gervis said

that a great deal more money ought to be spent on elementary education in the direction of the physical welfare of the children. This was an absolutely national question. He thought that education should be a charge on the National Exchequer, so that there should not be a large rate in one town and a small one in another.

HYGIENE IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

Arrangements are in progress for the holding of the Second International Congress on School Hygiene in London from August 5th to August 10th. Contributions are invited either from the representatives of Governments, authorities, societies, or academies, or from individual members to the scientific work and proceedings of the Congress by the reading of papers, contribution of reports, or by discussion of various subjects to be brought forward in the sectional meetings. It is proposed that, besides sectional meetings and lectures, there shall be held at least three general discussions. The subjects will be announced early, so that there will be time for collective investigation and observation. The English Committee invites suggestions, as soon as possible, as to the subjects under this heading. The first programme of the Congress, with a list of the various National Committees, the subjects of reference for general discussion, and details as to arrangements of the Congress will be issued at an early date.

THE RATEPAYERS' VIEW-POINT.

Under-feeding of school children produces physical deterioration with all its attendant evils. Impaired brain power and physique totally unfit the child for fully participating in the expensive educational facilities provided by the State. The ratepayers, therefore, do not get adequate return for their money.—Article specially contributed to the *Dundee Courier*.

THE MILITARY SPIRIT.

An interesting letter was read at a recent meeting of the Hartlepool Education Committee. It was from the Wisbech Local Peace Association. "Physical training in schools," it said, "there must be, but military drill, with its imperfect and erroneous conceptions of duty ought to be kept entirely out of child life."

We think that an obligation for the proper supervision of the feeding of those who come for instruction should be regarded as one of the duties of school authorities, and that teachers should be instructed to take note of all children apparently ill-fed. Unless children receive sufficient nourishment they cannot be expected to profit by the mental or physical training provided for them.—Royal Committee on Physical Deterioration.

FEEDING HUNGRY SCHOLARS.

Some interesting experiments are being made in feeding hungry scholars at Dove Row Mission, Haggerston. Since February 8th over 200 children, varying in age from five to twelve years, have each morning, on six days in the week, been supplied with a free bread-and-milk breakfast. Already 4,802 have been fed. The meal is provided by a Colonial gentleman who read in the papers about ill-fed scholars being unable to learn their lessons.

"NO USE; THEM PEOPLE'S VEGETARIANS—WITH A DOG WOT AIN'T."

Questions and Answers

— AND —

Hints from Sandow.

Although I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, it must be remembered that space is limited, and I CANNOT *prescribe courses here. All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at* BASING HOUSE, BASINGHALL STREET, E.C., *and these will receive prompt attention. Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.*

Half-hearted Worker.

W. L. (LIVERPOOL) desires to know best form of exercise and exercise to expand his chest, which is rather "hollow." He "does" dumb-bells, but, he is afraid, in a rather half-hearted way. He suffers from ill-health, due, he believes, to want of chest expansion.

Answer: I am afraid that your self-confessed want of serious intent in your exercise is at the bottom of your trouble. It is a very bad habit to fall into, that of doing anything half-heartedly. It generally means that one does not deserve success, and we know that success must be earned. I note you have a hankering for the notion of some exerciser that will of itself do a great deal for you, and I know by experience that some people are greatly helped if they can be made to feel faith in a thing. That I believe to be the reason for the undoubted greater success of exercisers as compared with dumb-bells. I recommend your using my Developer with which full illustrated directions are supplied.

Care of the Eyes.

MANCUNIAN (MANCHESTER) is troubled with weak eyes.

Answer: On rising in the morning the eyes should be bathed gently in cold water—twenty "passes" are said to be decidedly strengthening. While using them closely they should be rested at intervals of an hour or two, for the strain of constant reading, etc., is like that of extending the arms at a certain height immovable. Imagine, then, the taxing of the eyes, which cannot complain save after years of irreparable neglect. When dust settles in the eyes warm water will soothe them of any inflammation. Tea leaves and alum water were the eye tonics which our grandfathers used; but in these modern days of absolutely hygienic and antiseptic simplicity, water, especially in a distilled form, is considered powerful enough.

Over-Smoking.

TURKO (BIRMINGHAM) is afraid he has injured himself by over-smoking. He is only 16, too.

Answer: Give it up. Put an acid drop or tablet in your mouth when you feel tempted to smoke. Of course, you must see you have no cigarettes in your pockets. You will find it grow easier every day to do without cigarettes.

Wants to be More Cheerful.

SUNNY JIM (CARDIFF) says he is not sunny, and wants to know how to cultivate a more cheerful disposition.

Answer: In the first place there must be something wrong with you physically as a primary cause. Deal with the cause first and *be* cheerful; keep mind and body fully employed with work or hobby.

Now is the Time.

"JONES" (BRISTOL) wonders if it is too late to commence Physical Culture until next autumn.

Answer: Goodness me, no! What makes you think that any time is so good as now? Start now, and by autumn you should be more than pleased with the progress you have made.

To Readers.

Some of you may be most severely handicapped by such ailments as indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour and other nervous and functional disorders.

It is vitally important in such cases to first eradicate these ailments under such skilled direction as is obtainable under the Sandow Curative System, which can be carried out in your own room without interference with your everyday life, and at a cost which places it within the reach of every reader.

Full particulars are set forth in a book.

Write for a gratis copy, post free, to EUGÈN SANDOW, Post. Inst. Dept. S., 17, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

DISEASE TO BE TREATED IN HYPNOTIC HOSPITAL.

THE American Institute for Psychical Research wants to establish a psychical hospital, with a staff of hypnotisers to treat the deluded. At a recent meeting in New York, with this end in view, Dr. James H. Hyslop and Dr. Minot J. Savage set forth the society's aims and objects.

Dr. Hyslop explained that the institute is to have a board of trustees similar in scope to the Board of the Carnegie Institute, and that the field of the institute should be a scientific study of abnormal psychology, with a view to the curing of certain forms of insanity, hallucination, and functional mental troubles in a clinic to be established by the society, as well as the study of supernormal phenomena, whose physical side is frequently explained fraudulently in favour of "spirits."

Dr. Hyslop gave some examples of what he meant by treating cases within the domain of abnormal psychology.

"Pierre Janet," he began, "the great French psychologist, had the case of a woman, 55 years old, who went insane over the loss of her cat. She was cured by suggestive induction of affection for another cat.

"One young woman used to drink petroleum and eat lead, and refused all other forms of nourishment. By hypnotic suggestion Janet restored her to sanity.

"Those are examples of work done at institutions like the Saltpetriere in Paris. In this country nothing has been done as yet in the psychical treatment of disease. We shall need a hospital for this, and the aim of our society should be to provide one. People in this country are still afraid of hypnotic treatment of disease, because they fear it would place them in the physician's power. The institute would aim to abolish this fear; it would aim to facilitate publication of documents like the records of the cases on Ward Island, to take care of people who come out of asylums and who seem to be worse off so far as getting employment goes, than criminals just out of the penitentiary."

Dr. Hyslop further said that it will be the aim of the institute to keep up the work of the Society for Psychical Research, and to put the study of such subjects on a basis so scientific that the frauds practised by spirit mediums today will simply be discredited in the light of the more thorough-going work, and will disappear altogether.

"Methods," he said, "like those we hear of in Brooklyn may even be formulated into a kind of religion, but they are, nevertheless, false."

He then told of experiences of his own in thought transference and table tipping.

"I came to a certain 'medium' in Brooklyn," he said, "and I wrote my mother's name on one piece of paper and three questions on three other slips. I folded the papers up, touched the 'medium's' forehead, then I rolled them, and he took them. He tore them up and told me what was in them. That's the way people tell a story like this; but, on investigation, I found the 'medium' had used a legerdemain of his own, had substituted other pellets of paper, and had read mine."

Dr. Hyslop also proposed that, in the event of another marvel like Mrs. Piper turning up, the society should have funds enough to employ detectives, if necessary, to prove he or she is a fraud.

Our Readers' Library.

Any of these Books can be obtained direct and by return post from Our Readers' Library Department, Sandow's Magazine, 131, Temple Chambers, E.C.

Practical Methods to Ensure Success

Is a little book containing extraordinary facts governing human life. The methods not alone quicken body, mind, and soul, but when adopted fully they make the turning point in one's life. If you are not the success that you wish to be; if there is something wrong and you do not know just what—perhaps a condition of mind or health that has caused years of anxious hope and disappointment—this book tells why, and how to remove difficulties. Price 1s. net, post free 1s. 2d

Health Building; or, Health Without Fads.

Being a Working Outline of the Principles involved in Health Building; also a little cursory dissertation on some Current Fallacies. By JOSEPH RALPH. Price 1s. net, post free 1s. 2d.

Memory: How to Make and Keep it Good.

By A. T. STORY. Price 6d., post free 7d. It gives Rules and Directions for improving the Memory. No young man or woman ought to be without it.

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By ALICE M. LONG. Unlike any other book ever published. Should be in the Library of every woman, whether she be a society, business or saleswoman, teacher, physician, nurse, stenographer, housewife, maid, matron or grandmother. 206 pages, 26 beautiful illustrations from living subjects. Bound in fine cloth of two shades, pastel blue and cerise, stamped in white and gold, with exquisite portrait centre. A book which every woman should have. A charming gift from either lady or gentleman to a friend. Price 5s. 4d. post free.

The New Psychology; or, the Secret of Happiness.

Being practical instructions how to Develop and Employ Thought Power. By RICHARD HARTE ("D.C.K."). This is a wonderful book, called THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY; OR, THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS, by "D.C.K.," of New York. It is wonderful, because it compasses, in 127 pages, the whole field of New Thought in a comprehensive manner. If you are a beginner—if you like simple things, if you want to grasp the whole underlying idea of the New Thought movement at the very start, then get this book. It answers all the questions about the New Thought. It tells the what, the why, and the how. Price 5s. 6d. post free.

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Founded on Del-Sartean principles, with Lessons on Exercising, Walking, Breathing, Resting, Sleeping, Dress, etc. Illustrated. By CARRICA LE FAVRE. 1s., post free 1s. 2d.; or cloth, 3s.

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Natural and Scientific Methods of Never Forgetting. By DR. M. L. HOLBROOK. It contains chapters on:—The Nature of Memory—The Best Foundation of a good Memory—Memory and Nutrition—Quality of Blood and Memory—Exaltation and Degeneration of Memory—Memory and Attention—Memory and Repetition—Memory Associations, Links and Chains—Method of Memory Culture for Schools—Self-Culture of Memory—Memory of Places and Locations—Culture of Musical Memory—Strengthening Memory of Faces and Names, Figures and Dates. Tricks of Memory—How to learn a New Language—Mastering Contents of a Book—Art of Forgetting and What to Forget—Abnormal Memories. Price 4s., post free.

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By SYLVANUS STALL, D.D. Condensed Table of Contents: 1. *Strength.*—Value of physical strength. The weak man handicapped. Relation of physical, intellectual, and moral. Impair one you injure all. Manly mastery of sexual nature. 2. *Weakness.*—Inherited weakness. How overcome. Acquired weakness. How produced. When to consult a physician. Dangers from quacks and charlatans. What are normal and abnormal losses? Medical authorities quoted. 3. *Social Vice.*—Ignorance concerning the diseases which accompany vice. Their prevalence. Venereal diseases and their terrible results. 4. *The Reproductive Organs.*—Their purpose and prostitution. Difference between creation and procreation. All life from the seed or egg. The reproduction of plants, fishes, birds, and animals contrasted. 5. *Man's Relation to Woman.*—Importance of a right relation to women. The nature of marriage. The friends and foes of marriage. Who should not marry. The selection of a wife. Early and late marriages. Price 4s. net, post free 4s. 4d.

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